Daily Eagle

THE CANARY.

A day in June, of light, of fragrance rare,
A bride brought to a home, a bride as fair
As angels be, as sometimes women are.
Loud sings the blithe canary in its cage.

A day in June again; what greater bliss
On earth may be, mayhap in heaven, than this,
Falls faint on a baby's face, a mother's kiss.
Loud sings the blithe canary in its cage.

A woman, fair and young and pale, at rest,
A dead babe laid on the dead mother's breast,
A preacher murmuring: "All is for the best."
Loud sings the blithe canary in its cage.
—Chicago Tribune.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

All White Animals Held in Reverence by the Siamese—A King's Grief.

Miss Dows at one time attended the capture and reception in Bangkok of a white elephant. Her people, being devout Buddhists, believe in metempsychosis. The soul of each successive Boodha in its zoological migrations occupies in turn the forms of white animals of a certain class—particularly albinos and also the constantly white animals, as the swan, the stork, the white sparrow, the dove, the monkey and the elephant, all peculiar to Siam. In all the obscurity of their priests about the subject one thing is agreed on—that the forms of these noble and pure animals are reserved for the souls of the good and great, who find in them redemption from the baser animal life. All white animals are held in reverence, especially the white elephant, which is believed to be animated with the spirit of some king or hero. The white elephant averts calamity and brings peace and prosperity. Salmon or flesh color is as near as these albinos get to white, but still they are white enough to have caused wars for their possession between Siam and Burmah. The national standard is a white elephant on a deep crimson ground.

Discovered in the Shan country, or in Northern Siam, the king is apprised of the fact; the slave who finds the elephant is made free and rich; the elephant is decoyed by a female from the jungle, led into a bamboo stockade, caught by ropes about his legs, and soon subdued. The march to the royal stable begins, and ten or twelve miles a day are traveled, which is the average elephant speed. He is brought to the Menam, fed with sweetmeats, put under a royal pavilion, loaded with golden chains, and enters Bangkok in triumph. It is a time for feasting and a week of holidays.

A magnificent white elephant was captured in 1868. The nation was wild with joy. The elephant, whose body might have contained Gaudamas' soul itself, suddenly died, and the learned king, who knew English well and could have discussed St. Paul's writings to the delight and edification of Matthew Arnold—the scientific king, who calculated with accuracy the great total solar eclipse of 1868, spent $100,000 on the scientific expedition to observe it, and even lost his life from exposure in the noxious jungle, dying like a Socrates, calmly and sententiously soliloquizing on death and its inevitability; the king who, under the tutorship of American missionaries, made the greatest progress of all oriental monarchs in his ideas of government, commerce and even religion; never hesitating to express his respect for the fundamental principles of Christianity, but cutting short his reverend teacher when pressing home to him what he regarded as the more pretentious and apocryphal parts of the Bible, with the sententious statement that "I hate the Bible mostly"—the king and high priest of Siam wept at the death of his new white elephant. —Indianapolis Journal.

Do Americans Work Too Hard?

It is said that the American people work harder to obtain the "almighty dollar" than any other people or nation in the world, while they are more lavish in spending when they get it. This may be true or not, but they certainly get more dollars for the same work than any other people, and they are not generally penurious in spending them for their own comfort and pleasure, or mean in appropriating them for charity and all good works.

It is certainly true, also, that many professional and business men, lawyers doctors, merchants, etc., including some public officials, especially in our large cities, work too hard and destroy their health, by both mental and physical exertion, protracted for too long a time without proper recreation. The workingmen and laboring classes also complain of working too hard, and the great questions of the day are those of "labor and wages," which claim attention through "strikes," labor organizations, socialistic and anarchical demonstrations.

The question, "Do Americans work too hard?" requires a distinction to be made between natives and foreigners who form so large a portion of the population of the United States. Foreigners principally perform what is considered the hardest work, building railroads, mining coal, and other laborious employment, and whether they work too hard, in fact, or harder than Americans generally in other occupations, is a question which might be considered by itself. They probably do not work harder in this than in their own country or they would not continue to come here in such large numbers. Both Americans and foreigners, however, will probably claim that they have to work "too hard."—City Comptroller Loew in The Epoch.

Senator Jackson's Bloody Duel.

Senator James Jackson of Georgia fought a bloody duel before he came to Washington. He was an Englishman by birth, but he came to Savannah when a lad, studied law, was a leading Freemason, and fought gallantly in the Revolutionary war. He killed Lieutenant Governor Wells in 1780, in a duel, and was engaged in several other "affairs of honor," until he finally determined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel. So he prescribed, as the terms, that each party, armed with a double barreled gun loaded with buckshot, and with a hunting knife, should row himself in a skiff to designated points on opposite sides of the Savannah river. When the city clock struck 12 each party should start and row his skiff to a small island in the middle of the river, which was wooded and covered with underbrush. On arriving at the island each party was to moor his skiff, stand by it for ten minutes, and then go about on the island till the meeting took place.

The seconds waited on the mainland until after 1 o'clock, when they heard three gunshots and loud and angry cries. Then all was still. At daylight, as had been agreed upon, the seconds went to the island and found Jackson lying on the ground, insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him, dead. Jackson recovered, but would never relate his experience on that night, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in Washington while serving his second term as United States senator, March 19, 1806.—Ben: Perley Poore's Letter.

The late Gen. McKee Dunn left all his fortune to his wife. His will was the shortest ever filed in Washington, and consisted of four lines.

He knew that she painted and padded, but he
The secret would never betray,
But when as a bride at the altar stood she,
The old fellow "gave her away."
—Exchange.

De water milion vine need a taller fence dan de rose bush.—J. A. Macon.

German cattle are now being imported into England.

Nothing announces rank, education and good breeding in women, more than the evenness of their disposition and the desire to please.—Napoleon.

WRITING REFRACTORY WORDS.

Curious Slips in the Cogs of Mental Machinery—A Writer's Experience.

Dr. Holmes has written something about it, as he has about everything else that is odd and interesting. But it is a subject that remains forever with the man who has much occasion to adjust his thinking machinery with the physical machinery of writing, and who has found out that there are certain cogs in one set of machinery or the other that always slip. The Listener, for instance, never writes the word "by," unless his mind is specially upon the writing of it, and each letter is written with a separate act of volition, without first writing "but" and scratching it out; and vice versa, he seldom writes "but" without first writing "by." The word "Egypt" is invariably refractory, and will not be written correctly the first time. So is the word "eighth."

A gentleman of the Listener's acquaintance has the same difficulty with "f -" and "from" that he does with "by" and "but," and still another is generally floored by the words "than" and "that," writing one where the other should be. The first gentleman always writes "Duch" for "Dutch," going back and putting in the t afterward; and the second invariably writes "commonwealh" or "commonwealthl" before he can get the word right. The first cannot write the word "nomenclature" without stopping to think about it. Still another, a man of books, has the same difficulty with the word "Egypt" that the Listener has, except that he writes it "Eygpt," while the Listener writes it "Egupt;" and he has the additional peculiarity, which is worth noting, that when he reaches the letter r which occurs in his signature, he is always compelled to stop and think, or else he will make a superfluous stroke which will turn it into another letter. This regular hostile encounter with a refractory letter in his own signature he finds peculiarly vexatious.

The Listener has not attempted to formulate a theory for this peculiarity, but is inclined to the opinion that, in the majority of cases, it is due to physical habit—a trick of the nerves or muscles, that has become practically incorrigible. In the case of the word Egup—there it goes again!—Egypt, the inherent difficulty of a word which has three letters in succession involving a stroke below the line is evidently to be blamed rather than any physical trick; but in the invariable writing of "by" for "but," and "for" for "from," and vice versa, certainly the blame is not to be placed upon the word. Perhaps the type writer will cure us all of the trick when we finally give up writing with the pen, and perhaps it will not. There are a good many evidences that the type writing machine simply multiplies the errors of the hand writing. One finds involuntary anagrams in every page of some people's type writer manuscript, and one friend of the Listener, who writes with a machine, says that he occasionally writes a word exactly backwards—"kcalb" for "black," for instance, and cannot imagine how in the world he manages to do it.—Boston Transcript "Listener."

Destructiveness of Sherman's Bummers.

As we advanced into the wild pine regions of North Carolina the natives seemed wonderfully impressed at seeing every road filled with marching troops, artillery and wagon trains. They looked destitute enough as they stood in blank amazement gazing upon the "Yanks" marching by. The scene before us was very striking; the resin pits were on fire, and great columns of black smoke rose high into the air, spreading and mingling together in gray clouds, and suggesting the roof and pillars of a vast temple. All traces of habitation were left behind, as we marched into that grand forest with its beautiful carpet of pine needles. The straight trunks of the pine trees shot up to a great height, and then spread out into a green roof, which kept us in perpetual shade. As night came on, we found that the resinous sap in the cavities cut in the trees to receive it had also been lighted by "bummers" in our advance. The effect of these peculiar watch fires on every side, several feet above the ground, with flames licking their way up the tall trunks, was peculiarly striking and beautiful.

But it was sad to see this wanton destruction of property, which, like the firing of the resin pits, was the work of "bummers," who were marauding through the country committing every sort of outrage. There was no restraint except with the column or the regular foraging parties. We had no communications, and could have no safeguards. The country was necessarily left to take care of itself, and became a "howling waste." The "coffee coolers" of the Army of the Potomac were archangels compared to our "bummers," who often fell to the tender mercies of Wheeler's cavalry, and were never heard of again, earning a fate which was richly deserved.—Capt. Daniel Oakey in The Century.

English and American News Gatherers.

The average English reporter trusts far too much to shorthand. When he gets on a large daily, he is apt to become a mere note taking machine, and he is treated and esteemed as such. The result is that when there comes among reporters a man who can write "out of his own head," no use is made of his capacity. The chief reporter simply uses him as a machine, and the man, if he be of any stamina, retaliates by getting himself removed from the reporting staff to some other department. Then when the occasion comes that a reporter is wanted to write original copy he is either not there or he lacks the facility that comes from practice.

The American reporter is different. In many cases he would be unfit to take his "turn in the gallery" or at a large public meeting where the paper sends a corps for a five column verbatim report. His shorthand is shaky and, like David Copperfield's, a puzzle to himself. But he can go to a meeting and write a half narrative and half critical report, containing not only the main facts, but a score of little gossipy items and comments that people like to read. He can be told to "go down to the depot and make a column about the new boss"—a command at which the average English reporter would stare helplessly. Finally, he can be requested to go and get some news, and he will go and get it. His English confrere never heard such a command, and has no knowledge that anything ever happens save such anticipated events as are daily entered in advance in the chief reporter's engagement book.—Saturday Review.

The Coinage of 1804.

There is something curious about the American silver dollar and half dollars of the coinage of 1804. In that year something like 20,000 of the dollars were coined; but it is a singular fact, as is now known, that not one of them was in circulation. Yet the most valuable of all American coins are two 1804 dollars, which are now in well known collections. They are valued at $2,000 each. —Chicago Herald.

Buried Treasure.

Lawyer—Your uncle makes you his sole heir, but the will stipulates that the sum of $100 must be buried with him.

Heir (feelingly)—The old man was eccentric, but his wishes must be respected, of course. I'll write a check for the amount.—New York Sun.

In a paper before a late meeting of the Seismological society of Japan, Professor Milne mentioned the signs of alarm which the lower animals often show before earthquakes. Ponies were observed to prance in their stalls half a minute before a shock last January. Proof has been found that pheasants scream, and frogs suddenly cease their croaking, while geese, swine and dogs give the clearest indications of an approaching earthquake. It was suggested that the animals are probably very sensitive to slight preliminary tremors, though in volcanic districts small animals have been not only alarmed but even killed by gases escaping just before earthquakes.—Arkansaw Traveler

THE MIKADO'S LAND

TRAVELS OF A NATURALIST AMONG THE WONDERS OF JAPAN.

Glories of a Country Which Abounds in Beautiful Flowers—Forests of the Middle Altitude—Asama-Yama's Terrible Record—"Bloody Falls."

Oiwake has the reputation of being the coldest inhabited spot in Japan. The atmosphere certainly is very refreshing and invigorating after the sultry heats of the great plain of Tokio. The profusion and magnificence of the flora upon these mountains make it appear trivial and even sinful for a man of botanical tastes to ride, while by walking he may be adding every minute to the stores of his knowledge as well as to the treasures in his plant presses. The first thing which I noticed as we began the ascent of the Usui pass was the fact that the coniferous trees which are so abundant in the great plain disappeared and gave way to trees of deciduous growth, maples, beeches, oaks, chestnuts, horsechestnuts and other peculiar Japanese trees. This phenomenon is characteristic of the entire country, and would serve to indicate that a more equable climate prevails at the middle altitude. Hence at Oiwake, at the summit of the pass, the conifers have reappeared in the form of hardy scrubbins of a species which does not grow upon the lowlands.

The flora of the middle hills is strongly Himalayan in some of its characteristics, and the same fact reveals itself in connection with the phenomena of insect and bud life, a number of species found here being found nowhere else until the Himalayas of India are reached. Here and there close affinities to the flora and fauna of the Atlantic states of America also present themselves, and it was with a rare feeling of pleasure that I recognized in some of the plants familiar friends of my boyhood days, and I involuntarily took off my hat more than once and saluted a wayside weed which brought memories of "home, sweet home."

GLORIES OF THE FIELDS.

The glory of these upland fields and hillsides is found in the lilies, of which I have collected no less than six species here, among them Lilium Auratum, the emperor of this race of regal flowers. Think, my flower loving friend, of walking over a meadow starred on every hand with yellow and red lilies, embroidered with great blooming beds of funkia, and enameled in spots with sheeted growths of iris, and then as you approach the thicket at the foot of a rising hill discovering a huge mass of the Lilium Auratum standing with pink and yellow lined bells, seven and eight inches across, exhaling the odors of Eden upon the air!

We left the native inn where I am staying at 6 o'clock yesterday morning for the ascent of Asama-Yama, the days passed here since my arrival having been spent in botanizing, collecting insects and sketching.

The first part of the ascent from Oiwake is over a gently rising slope composed of lava and volcanic ashes, upon which a luxuriant growth of tall grasses and flowering plants have taken root. Here and there are scattered huge angular blocks of stone, some of them, no doubt, weighing hundreds of tons apiece, which bear witness to the immense force of the volcanic energy stored in the mountain which towers up grandly before us in the blue air, with its great cloud of smoke and steam rolling away westward before the morning breeze.

Asama-Yama has been a great destroyer in the past, and gives every evidence of full capacity to repeat in the near future the horrors which have been wrought in former days. Only as recently as 1870 a considerable eruption occurred, scattering a cloud of ashes half an inch in depth over a vast surrounding area. In 1783, however, occurred an eruption which spread desolation for many leagues around the mountain. Oiwake was blotted out. The country round about, which was a verdant expanse of cornfields, was turned into a desert, and no less than forty-eight villages in the vicinity and in the Agatsuma department of the province of Kodzuke were destroyed, with many of their inhabitants. Monkeys, deer, dogs and other animals were killed by the showers of red hot stones and ashes, and those which had found shelter from the missiles hurled forth by the mountain died of hunger, because the ashes and stones covered the ground for miles to the depth of from two to five feet and destroyed all vegetation. A river of lava poured forth on the northern side of the crater towards Kodzuke, and lies today a black monument of the awful event. Still older flows of lava underlying this more recent one, upon which vegetation has as yet only taken partial hold, can be traced to a distance of thirty miles from the crater.

THE BLOODY FALLS.

After walking about an hour and a half at a rapid pace, we stopped to rest at a curious waterfall which lies in a narrow gorge. The water, strongly impregnated with sulphur and iron, is of a rusty yellow color, and has dyed the rocks with the same hue. The cascade is known by the natives as the "Bloody Falls," a very appropriate name. The water is cold and not unpleasant to the taste, and, I imagine, not unhealthful. At all events, I indulged in deep potations, being red hot from my walk in the scorching sunshine. The ascent from the waterfall becomes steeper and lies along a ridge covered with scattered pine trees and overgrown with bamboo grass. Here and there a white birch appears and beautiful hydrangeas grow in great mass in damp spots. Thirty minutes of quick walking brought us to a cool spring, flowing under luxuriant herbage, where we stopped to fill our water bottles and then renewed the onward march. My coat I found a burden, so I left it behind, hidden under a spreading yew tree, the branches of which pressed close to the ground.

Grasping my bamboo stick, which has been my faithful companion upon many an excursion and has grated upon the rocks of Mt. Washington and Mt. Mitchell, had helped me in the tangles of the swamps of Florida, as well as upon the slopes of the Rocky mountains, I addressed myself to the last part of our ascent, over the cone of loose ashes and stones, which for 2,000 feet towered above us. The clouds came up from the valley below and shrouded us in their cold, misty folds, and again they parted and we looked forth upon a magnificent mountain panorama, with Fuji-no-Yama—the peerless mountain—rising purple and grand upon the southern horizon. We met a company of pilgrims in white garments, each having a tinkling bell at his girdle, returning from the summit. Religious pilgrimages are undertaken to the mountain tops of Japan every year by the multitudes, and on all high places are oratories and shrines. The goddess resident in Asama-Yama is, according to Shinto mythology, the elder sister of the goddess resident in Fuji, and her favor is much sought by the devout. —Oiwake (Japan) Cor. Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Mackay's Costly Cloak.

Mrs. Mackay, the wife of the rich American, is determined to possess a cloak made from the breasts of the birds of paradise. These birds are sold at thirty shillings each; the breast is about four inches broad and about six long at the greatest length, and nearly heart shape; the upper portion is about an inch and a half deep, and is like the finest plush, in color a deep seal brown; the color shades off below to a pinky terra cotta. About five hundred birds will be necessary to furnish enough for the cloak, and to secure them Mrs. Mackay has dispatched two skillful marksmen direct to New Guinea, and they are now engaged in the wholesale slaughter. The mantle will be costly, but the work of destruction will be so great that it is to be hoped few imitators will be found.—Sydney Mail.

There are twenty-one bureaus of labor in the United States. Four years ago there were only seven.